

Thomas Brittain Esq. Clerk

Aug^t. 14th. 1740

2

A
COLLECTION

Of Plain and Necessary

POEMS,

V I Z.

- I. The Cold Season. On the late severe and hard Frost, which began *December 25, 1739.*
- II. On the great Snow and Wind, which happened on *Monday April 21, 1740,*
- III. The Spiritual Mariner. On the dangerous Passage of Mankind through this World.
- IV. The Most Critical Time: Or, The Solemn Affair of Dying consider'd.
- V. The Great Affize: Or, The dreadful Day of Judgment.

By THOMAS BRITTAIN.

*Do not expect Scholastick Strains;
They're not the Product of my Brains.
All Plain and Home-spun is my Book,
As you'll see, if in it you look.*

JOB xxxii, 10. *Hearken to me, I also will shew
my Opinion.*

Northampton, Printed for the Author, 1740.

A
COLLECTION

POEMS

IN

- I. The Old Man's Complaint
- II. On the Death of a Friend
- III. The Spectral Messenger
- IV. The Mocking Time
- V. The Great Alliance

BY THOMAS CRISP

Do not expect to find in this
volume any of the Poems
of the Poet's former Book.

For sale, by the Author, at his
own Office.

Printed for the Author, 1780.

T O T H E
Candid and Christian R E A D E R S
of the following P O E M S.

IT must be allowed by all considerate Persons, that we live in an Age of great Politeness in Style, and Maturity in Knowledge, both Natural and Divine; and yet the Elegancy of Speech, and Extensiveness of Knowledge, appear too impotent to resist the rapid Torrent of Immorality and Infidelity, that in our Days abound in so dreadful a Manner, to the Scandal of our Nation, and the blemishing of our Christian Religion; which is not the natural Production of those excellent Acquirements, but is entirely owing to the inconsiderate and stupid Behaviour of Men; whereby they forget the End of their Creation, and the Author of their Beings: Their Lives being so beneath the Character of rational Beings, that it's no Wonder if they are like the Beasts that perish, *Psal. xlix, 12.* The potent Persuasions and Admonitions of the blessed Gospel of Christ, with all its sweetest Motives, in Conjunction with the bright Examples of

many famous for Piety amongst us, appear too feeble to reduce the Irreligious from their Impiety to the Practice of Vertue; so that the benificent Author of all Things sometimes shakes his Rod over a People and Nation, to reclaim them by more severe Methods, when milder Ways are frustated; and speaks by terrible Things, and yet in a Way of Righteousness; which seems (to me) to be the End and Design of God in the late severe Winter; the Voice of God was very terrible in it, both in the City and Country, and the dismal Effects of it were (and still are) very affecting. The Cry of the Poor was great under that heavy Stroke; and 'tis fear'd the direful Effects of the Frost will oblige a great many to complain for Want of Bread. But why should a living Man complain, a Man for the Punishment of his Sins? *Lam. iii, 39.* 'Tis our Business to search, and try our Ways, and turn again unto the Lord, to lift up our Heart and our Hands to God in the Heavens, for we have transgressed and rebelled against him. And that the Remembrance of that severe Season might not be erased out of our Minds, I here drew up the Narrative thereof with the Concomitants that belonged

THE PREFACE.

longed thereunto, in which I have had a particular Regard to the best Accounts, for a Discovery of the various Transactions hinted at in my POEM, except such that fell under my own Observation and Notice. It has often afforded me a great deal of Pleasure to view the Generosity of so many Great and Worthy Persons bestowed on the Poor in that calamitous Time, and I heartily wish that many more had imitated their pious and praise-worthy Example.

If any suppose my Language to the Stingy and Hard-hearted to be too sharp and severe, they are to observe, that in my Treatment of them I have but little varied from the express Words of Scripture, Acts viii, 20. I. Joh. iii, 17. And therefore of a pardonable Nature in the View of all real Christians, who shew their Faith by their Works, Jam. ii, 18. In these following POEMS you will find Sincerity and Plainness blended together; the Glory of God, the Good of Souls, and shewing Mercy to the Poor, are the principal Motives that induced the Author to this Undertaking; which if it in any Measure be (by the Divine Being) made useful, he desires to be very thankful to God for it.

Had

The P R E F A C E.

Had it not been for the repeated Importunity of some (that have had a View of these Papers) whom I am loth to disoblige, these Things had always remained in Secret, and how they may be entertained by a carping and censorious World, is too trifling a Case to discompose a Mind sedatately fixed on Things of an higher Nature; but 'twill be ridiculous to make the Porch great were the Edifice is small, therefore I shall conclude with committing these unpolish'd Lines to the Divine Blessing, and the Perusal of the intelligent READER, and declare myself

*Your real Friend in the best
and most substantial Things.*

T. BRITTAIN.

Chalton, May 2d, 1740.

T H E



T H E C o l d S E A S O N.

*On the great and severe FROST, which began
December 25, 1739; being an Account of the
sad and dismal Effects of it, with a View of
the Noble Charity of many great Persons to the
Poor, in that Time of Necessity and Extremity.*

TH E Supreme Being, Former of all Things,
The Lord of Lords, and mighty King of Kings,
In awful wise displays his mighty Power,
Each Year, each Month; yea, every Day and Hour,
In pregnant Instances that I could show,
And 'tis what each confiderate Man doth know;
But we of late, in an unusual Way,
Have had a Sample of his Power I say;
Binding the liquid Streams with icy Chains,
Cloathing in white Array both Hills and Plains.
Where was the Man, if not both hail and bold,
That could with Pleasure stand the pinching Cold?
The fanning Winds, when first the Frost began,
Made deep Impressions both on Beasts and Man.
The Waters like to Stone congealed were,
Which in short Time would mighty Burdens bear:
Week after Week it did continue so,
Still freez'ing on, with Flights of driven Snow, }
And piercing Winds that frequently did blow. }

Then

Then sweet was Fewel, Cloaths, and a warm Bed,
 By which poor Mortals they are nourished:
 Happy were those who had of these in Store
 At such a Time so pinching, sharp, and sore,
 Else Death had come before the Frost was o'er. }
 The searching Cold was unto that Degree,
 That few alive the like did ever see;
 For Fire itself could scarce repel the Cold,
 Or break those Chains in which it did us hold;
 Thro' all our Vestments it would work its Way,
 Made pale the Cheeks, and caus'd the Blood to stay;
 Numb'd were our Joints with the sharp freezing Cold,
 If in our Hands we something then did hold.

Sometimes in this severe and dismal Time,
 Hedges and Trees were loaded thick with Rime,
 All cloath'd in White, whilst every little Twig
 With down-cast Looks appeared monstrous big.
 The mighty Floods, and Lakes, and Rivers all,
 With Rivulets, and Ponds both great and small,
 With Ice were glazed unto that Degree,
 As that it was surprizing for to see
 The Thickness of the Ice, two Foot and more,
 The like to which was seldom seen before;
 So like to solid Stone, or the firm Land,
 On liquid Streams we might with Safety stand.

The noble *Thames* was turned to a Town,
 With Streets, and Shops, with Trading up and down;
 Thousands upon this famous River sport,
 Though for their Folly some paid dearly for't;
 Many were drowned in the watery Grave,
 They cry'd for Help, but none their Lives could save.

The

The Watermen with Mourning Boat did go
 To beg the Town, lamenting of their Woe.
 The Merchants Ships and Barges all froze in,
 Made Trade decay, and Money to grow thin.

Britain was not the only Nation where
 This dismal Scene of Sorrow did appear;
 But neighbouring Nations also felt the Blow,
 And did severely smart by Frost and Snow;
France, Holland, Germany, and Poland fair,
Sweden and *Denmark* likewise had their Share,
Norway and *Russia* too in Tears lament,
 Became all Partners in this Punishment;
 More than was usual to those Northern Climes
 God did by Cold afflict them for their Crimes.

But mind the sad Effects the Frost hath had;
 The Consequence of it was very bad;
 Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, all of it partake,
 Enough to grieve's, and make our Hearts to ach.
 The savage Beasts, who not domestick be,
 Were drove by Cold to great Extremity;
 Some prey o'th' rest to keep themselves alive,
 Sore pinch'd with Cold and Hunger, each one strive
 To seek their Food; yet little they could find
 But Snow and Ice, and pinching Gusts of Wind:
 Sharp Time it was unto the Beasts of Prey,
 When they for very Need each other slay;
 Rank Sides, and hollow Eyes, with Hair upright,
 Did make them shew a very dismal Sight,
 And sometimes Hunger made them mad outright.
 Many poor Mortals lost their Lives, I hear,
 By hungry Beasts, in this Time so severe.

In other Places where such Beasts abound,
 Such tragick Accidents we often found.
 Thus the poor Animals who sinless be,
 Did suffer much by this Calamity.

Next view the feather'd Tribe, the Fowls o'th' Air,
 They in these Sufferings deeply had their Share,
 Whose warbling Notes, and sweet melodious Lays,
 And celebrating of their Maker's Praise,
 Do charm the Ear in the sweet verdant Spring,
 Whilst from their well-tun'd Throats they sweetly
 In this cold freezing pinching Time of Frost (sing;
 How many Thousands of their Lives were lost!
 Their Plumes erect, their Bodies numb'd with Cold,
 Their Motion slow, their Miseries manifold;
 Great ones the less do into Pieces tear,
 To such Extremity they driven were;
 The small become a Prey unto the great,
 Thus Birds were forced other Birds to eat;
 So by this monstrous and unnatural Crime,
 Abundance perish'd in that dismal Time.
 Thousands of Fowls were shot to Death also,
 And dy'd that Way in that Great Frost and Snow;
 Abundance starv'd to Death, and pin'd away,
 Die by Degrees, and dying Day by Day;
 So that their Numbers now diminish'd are,
 And lessen'd much to what before they were.
 A human Heart sure must affected be,
 And grieve for such a sore Calamity.
 The Fowls they cry'd, and made their piteous Moan
 At this sad Scene, while stupid Man alone
 Can jeer and laugh at this Calamity,
 Is monstrous unto the last Degree.

The scaly Tribe who in the Waters play,
 And sport in liquid Streams both Night and Day,
 Whole soft and tender Flesh such Dainties be,
 Partners became of this Calamity;
 The thicken'd Ice that over them was spread,
 Kept out the Air by which they're nourished;
 So being Prisoners in their watery Cave,
 They die, because no Air that they could have,
 But Numbers of them suffocated be
 In this Time of common Calamity.

Roots, Plants, and many Things of Earth's Produce,
 Both good and profitable for our Use,
 Are froze to Death, and render'd useless quite
 Depriv'd us of their Profit and Delight.
 Ah! the sad Havock that the Frost hath made
 'Mongst Plants and Herbs, that wither, die, and fade!

Respecting M A N now something I will say,
 And Audience give unto the same, I pray;
 For oh! the dismal State of some that be
 At this Time in a State of Poverty!
 Some froze to Death, and do by Cold expire
 For Want of Food, of Cloaths, and a good Fire,
 The Blood congeals, the animal Spirits stay,
 Each Limb grows stiff; the Soul doth flee away:
 Many that liv'd in Plenty heretofore,
 For Want of Business now are very poor;
 For several Tradesmen little had to do,
 They could not work, that plung'd them into Woe,
 To ask Relief for them was very hard,
 And if they had, who would them once regard?
 Many must either beg, or starve, or steal;
 Hard was their Case, as I do it reveal.

Poor Travellers they sorely felt the Storm,
 Unless the Cold's repell'd by something warm.
 The silent Poor were suffering most of all,
 And oft a Victim unto Death did fall,
 In short, the Misery of the Poor did grow
 To that Degree, that few the like did know;
 Their Sighs, and Groans, and piercing Wants did fly,
 And mount aloft above the Starry Sky:
 A kind indulgent God their Cries did hear,
 And pity'd them in that Time so severe,
 Opens the Hearts of such who have great Store,
 And mov'd them to have Pity on the Poor.

And here with sweet Delight I can rehearse
 Something of great Importance in my Verse;
 The Rich think on the Poor with Sympathy,
 And in some Measure did their Wants supply.

Great GEORGE, our Royal King, looks from his
 With Pity on the Poor making their Moan; (Throne
 Their Wants do move his Heart, their Cries his Ears,
 His Eyes with Sympathy behold their Tears;
 Some Thousands on the Poor he did disburse
 To help their Wants; out of his private Purse
 A Thousand Guineas likewise he did bestow,
 To buy them Fewel in the Frost and Snow;
 Rare Precedent, and bright Example! he
 Did lead the Van of Noble Charity.

Thrice happy Nation! such a King to have!
 So just, so wise, so generous and brave.

The Noble *Frederick*, Prince of *Wales*, likewise,
 And his brave Consort too, with tender Eyes,
 Did send the Poor most generous Supplies.

Then

Then mov'd the Noble Peers within the City,
 Disburs'd great Sums to great Objects of Pity;
 The Dukes of *Somerset* and *Bedford* too,
 With many others, their Compassion shew;
 Great *Walpole's* Name must not forgotten be
 For his extensive and large Charity;
 Two other *Walpoles* bravely act their Part,
 And plain discover a most tender Heart.
 Clergy and Laiety did both combine
 In Works of Mercy, which did make them shine;
 Some Money gave, some Bread, some Coals, some Beef,
 All tending to the Poor's Help and Relief.
 The Streams of Charity did sweetly flow,
 In City, and in Country also.
 To give a List of Benefactors all,
 Can't be compris'd in my Space so small;
 But by the nicest Observation, I
 Near Twenty Thousand Pounds can well descry,
 Bestow'd upon the Poor for their Relief,
 In that sad Time of Sorrow, Want, and Grief:
 To the immortal Praise of such I'll sing,
 Record their Charity as a brave Thing;
 In this they did a noble Instance show
 Of Sympathy, which to the Poor we owe;
 For if we see others in Want and Need,
 And pity them, but help them not indeed,
 Bid them be warm'd and fill'd, but nothing give,
 ('Tis not on smooth Words that the Poor can live)
 If indigent and poor our Brother be,
 And stands in Need of Help and Charity,
 Our Bowels of Compassion up we close,
 And are relentless to his Grievs and Woes,
 How doth the Love of God within us dwell?
 No! such a Frame shews us mark'd out for Hell.

The

The Love that's right its Qualities will show
 As natural as Streams from Fountains flow;
 If we love God 'twill demonstrated be
 In hating Sin, and loving Piety.
 If we our Neighbour love it will appear
 In Acts of Mercy, and Kindness sincere;
 For Love without its Fruits no Love can be,
 But all a Jagron, mere Hypocrisy.

How many stingy Niggards may we find,
 That to the Poor are cruel and unkind?
 Great Men with many Hundreds by the Year,
 Who to the Poor a Shilling will not spare,
 But die they may with Hunger, Frost, and Cold;
 What they have got they will securely hold;
 They have two Gods, their Belly and their Gold. }
 These epicurian useless Drones must die, }
 And their two Gods will fail them certainly; }
 'Twill be but vain for Mercy then to cry.
 O! wretched Worldlings! thus to doat on Dross;
 Who think to save most have the greatest Loss.
 Their precious Souls, which are of mighty Price,
 In Danger are of losing Paradise;
 Their Cash and they may perish both together;
 They'd not relieve the Poor in frosty Weather.

An Eight Weeks Frost this properly is stil'd;
 But, Thanks to God, the Weather now is mild:
 The warming Sun the Equinox ascends,
 And thus the sharp and bitter Winter ends.
 The Earth, some few Days past was cloath'd in White
 Doth now begin to shew us some Delight.
 The verdant Spring, that sweet Time of the Year,
 In Lustre gay to us doth now appear. The

The bounteous Womb of Nature will produce
Plentiful Stores for Pleasure and for Use.

O, gracious God! how thankful should we be
For all the Favours we receive from thee?

But now it's Time to hasten to an End,
Left by Prolixity I should offend.

What Use, and what Improvement shall we make
Upon this Frost, which made our Hearts to ach?

We've long been frozen in our Souls, yet we
Were calm, serene, and took it patiently.

Year after Year before our Hearts did thaw,
E'er we were griev'd for breaking of God's Law;

Numb'd in our Souls, and chill'd to that Degree,
And not complain! Oh! base Impiety!

Let's rouse ourselves out of this frozen Frame
Still cold in Duty, is to us a Shame

That we are so; Experience doth shew,

As is most clear to each impartial View;

Our sad Complaints were many in the Frost,

When we upon the Waves of Cold were tost.

But of our Coldness in Religion we

Did not complain but little certainly.

The Cold from off our Bodies doth withdraw,

Our Souls still freeze, no Prospect of a Thaw.

Coals from God's Altar let us snatch with Speed;

That sacred Fire will melt our Hearts indeed.

With solemn Vigour let us now apply

Ourselves to Works of Faith and Piety;

The more we work the warmer we shall be,

And all our Chill and Cold will from us flee;

But if we for the World remain still hot,

And don't strive to untie that fatal Knot

Which

Which ties us to the Things of Time and Sense,
 Then dreadful will be the sad Consequence.
 The Fire of Hell will thaw that frozen Soul,
 When all its dreadful Billows o'er it roll;
 With dismal Horror, and with black Despair,
 The thawing Criminal lies howling there,
 Wishing (in vain) for God it had been warm,
 'Twould have prevented this Eternal Storm.

JOB xxviii. 29, 30. *Out of whose Womb came the Ice? and the hoary Frost of Heaven, who hath gendered it? The Waters are hid as with a Stone, and the Face of the Deep is frozen.*

PSAL. cxlvii. 16, 17, 18. *He giveth Snow like Wool; he scattereth the hoar Frost like Ashes. He casteth forth his Ice like Morsels; who can stand before his Cold? He sendeth out his Word, and melteth them; he causeth the Wind to blow, and the Waters flow.*



An APPENDIX to the fore-
going P O E M :

B E I N G

A COMMENT on the *Great Snow*, &c. *Monday*
April 21, 1740.

I N Strains poetick I'll declare
A Thing uncommon, very rare,
The like is seldom seen;
It was the wond'rous Works of God,
And very much look'd like his Rod,
As any Thing hath been.

April the one-and-twentieth Day
Remember very well we may,
With Grief and Wonder too;
For when the glorious Morning bright
Had chac'd away the dismal Night,
Then come a Scene of Woe.

The Heavens with fable Clouds were veil'd,
The glorious Sun from us conceal'd,
All Gloom did then appear;
The whistling Winds began to roar,
With lofty Gales, and Keeness fore,
Both sad to feel and hear.

C

Ther

Then an unusual Storm begins,
 As a Chaſtiſement for our Sins;
 Behold! great Flakes of Snow
 In complicated Lumps deſcend,
 Which very likely may portend
 A Prologue to more Woe.

The curious Surface of the Ground,
 Which lately was enamel'd round
 With moſt delightful Green;
 Some Graſs and Leaves 'gan to appear,
 And ſome few Flowers here and there,
 Now none of them were ſeen.

The Wind with boiſterous Strength did blow,
 Whiſt diſmally deſcends the Snow,
 And cloath'd all Things in White;
 The Earth's delightful Sute of Green
 That diſmal Day could not be ſeen,
 'Till the Approach of Night.

And for ſome Hours that diſmal Day
 It did freeze hard: Ah! ſad Diſmay
 At this Time of the Year!
 For to have Winter in the Spring
 Is ſurely an uncommon Thing
 As moſt Things that appear.

The Damage that the Storm hath done,
 At preſent cannot all be known
 By Land, as well as Sea;
 But it is great I am afraid,
 When all thoſe Things are open laid
 By an exact Survey.

That

That Day a Place may justly claim
Amongst the Days of Note and Fame,
All Things consider'd right;
Its Memory it shall survive,
For that my Genius it doth strive
To keep't in Black and White.

The Exhalations of the Air,
Which to those Regions do repair,
Were then congeal'd to Snow;
Those liquid Juices thro' the Cold,
Were impregnated (some do hold)
By the chill Winds that blow.

But at this Season of the Year,
Such Storms as this do not appear
In the more common Way;
But God's great Power he did shew,
Conspicuous unto our View,
On that surprizing Day.

Strong Gusts of Wind did drive the Snow,
In scatter'd Atoms it did go
With dismal Haste and Speed.
How sorrowful was it to see
That White, which curious Green should be!
Ah! it was sad indeed!

The Winter last was very keen,
As any Winter past hath been,
Which we're apt to forget;
So God, to help our Memory,
Did give us an Epitome,
Which 'fore our Eyes he set.

How

How many Warnings God doth give!
 Yet in Rebellion still we live;
 Oh! what will nothing do!
 That *Monday* that I speak of here
 It might have been much more severe,
 A Storm of Fire instead of Snow.

The next great Work of God above,
 In which he doth towards us move,
 May much more dreadful be;
 Then let us all repent with Speed,
 And turn to him who is indeed
 Of dreadful Majesty.

JOB xxxvii. 13, 14. *He causeth it to come, whether for
 Correction, or for his Land, or for Mercy.
 Harken unto this, O Job; stand still, and consider the won-
 drous Works of God.*

*The SPIRITUAL MARRINER: Or, The
 dangerous Voyage over the stormy Sea of a trou-
 bleſome World to the Haven of Happineſs.*

I, Like the Sailor on the Seas,
 Am often tossed many Ways;
 Storms and Tempeſts overtake,
 Which doth my Voyage doleful make;
 I long, and look, and peep for Day,
 I wiſh the Storm would wear away;
 I ſigh, and mourn, and oft complain,
 Yet ſtill the Storm returns again.
 My weather-beaten Veſſel fails,
 For at Uncertainty ſhe fails; Sometimes

Sometimes a little Hope I have,
 But that finds an untimely Grave;
 Sometimes I mounted am on high,
 But soon I in the Deep do lie.
 If I cast Anchor there's no Stay,
 The Water's deep, no Hold 'twill lay;
 The boisterous Winds my Sails have tore;
 When shall I reach the pleasant Shore?
 Wave after Wave rolls over me,
 And Deep to Deep calls earnestly.
 The whistling Wind, and rapid Tide,
 Doth make my Vessel swiftly glide;
 But how? Oh! the contrary Way!
 Then Rocks and Sands do me dismay.
 Sometimes my Vessel's almost split
 When on a craggy Rock doth sit;
 And when off that, upon the Sand
 It sticketh fast, and there doth stand.
 Pirates do often me annoy,
 And interrupt my Peace and Joy,
 False Flags hang out, and me decoy;
 They board my Vessel, spoil my Wares,
 And fill my Soul with Griefs and Cares.
 My Masts are split, Sails ragged grow,
 Which make my Bark to sail so slow.
 When neither Sun nor Stars appear,
 Then am I in great Dread and Fear;
 Sometimes I think I see the Shore,
 And hope the Storms will come no more;
 But by-and-by all's out of Sight,
 My pleasant Day is turn'd to Night.
 These many Years have I been tost
 Upon this Sea, and yet not lost;
 All Praise unto the Lord be given,
 Who guides my Stern, tho' he's in Heaven. O!

O! that I was got safe to Shore,
 I ne'er would put to Sea no more!
 (That Haven of Eternal Rest
 Is what I aim at as most best)
 My shatter'd Vessel up I'd lay,
 And on that Shore contented stay;
 And there with Pleasure recollect
 What formerly did me deject.
 If Christ my Pilot will but be,
 Then I shall sail with Certainty;
 And at the last I'll bid adieu
 To Storms, and ruffling Tempests too.

PSAL. xlii. 7. *Deep calleth unto Deep at the Noise of thy Water-Spouts; all thy Waves, and thy Billows are gone over me.*

ISA I. liv. II. *Oh! thou Afflicted, tossed with Tempests, and not comforted.*

The MOST CRITICAL TIME:

O R,

The Solemn Affair of Dying consider'd.

THE Thoughts of Death surprising be
 To those who do their Danger see;
 'Tis frightful, ghastly to behold,
 To th' Poor, and Rich, though they have Gold.
 Tears will not do to stop his Race,
 Though flowing from thine Eyes apace;
 Thy Friends with their Entreaties all,
 Take no Effect when Death doth call.

Tall

Tall Cedars stoop, and Shrubs also,
 Tumble all down before this Foe.
 Them that are young, as well as old,
 To Death submit, tho' ne'er so bold.
 Think then of Death, for it prepare,
 That when it comes it don't ensnare
 Thy precious Soul, and bind it fast
 To Pains which will for ever last.
 Then turn to God with Haste and Speed,
 That's the best Way for us indeed;
 To meet pale Death in such a Frame
 That will be sweet, then at it aim.
 Trifle then not away thy Time,
 Think oft of Death whilst in thy Prime;
 Take Care of thy immortal Soul,
 Timely repent, thy Case condole.
 Thy sensual Joy and sweet Delight
 Turned will be to a dark Night,
 Troubles and Fears will thee affright.
 Then let a dying Hour be
 The Thing that's oft thought on by thee.

2. SAM. xiv. 14. *For we must needs die, and are as Water spilt on the Ground.*

HEB. ix. 27. *It is appointed unto Men once to die.*

*The GREAT ASSIZE: Or, The Dreadful
 Day of JUDGMENT.*

BOTH Young and Old, both High and Low,
 By God's great Power must rise also;
 Be summon'd from their Beds of Dust,
 Before a Judge both wise and just;

By

By Christ our Lord we must be try'd,
 Because 'twas he who for us dy'd;
 Behold! in flaming Fire he'll come,
 Begirt with Power to pass our Doom.
 Before him must all Nations stand,
 Be all subject to his Command;
 Bold Sinners then will trembling be
 Before his awful Majesty,
 Being then in the utmost Fear,
 Because in Sin they lived here;
 But yet their Doom it must be past,
 Be thrown to Hell in dismal Haste.
 Behold the Saint! with Joy he'll rise,
 Because Christ he did love and prize;
 Blest Souls, who pious then are found,
 By Angels shall be 'compass'd round,
 Be snatch'd with Joy into the Air;
 By Christ's Right Hand they're fixed there,
 Because for him they did prepare;
 Both Clouds and Fears from them shall flee,
 Because with Christ they'll ever be.
 Be then persuaded e'ery one,
 Both Young and Old, 'fore Time is done,
 By true Repentance to prepare,
 Before Christ's Coming in the Air.
 Begin betimes; make haste, I say,
 Behold there comes a Judgment-Day;
 Beware that this you don't neglect,
 But think of it in each Respect.

ACTS xvii. 31. *He hath appointed a Day in which he will judge the World in Righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained.*

2. COR. v. 10. *For we must all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Christ.*

F I N I S.

